

Collateral Damage in Heels and a Dress

By: featherx

Honey Lemon takes a peek in a bar. Or club. Or fraternity house. Either way, it wasn't her best decision.

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Chapter 1

Well, in Honey Lemon's defense, it certainly *seemed* like a good idea at that time.

After nearly the fourth time of seeing Gogo head inside the bar just a few houses down her street, Honey Lemon had finally caved in to her curiosity. As soon as she finished her project for next week, the blonde made her way out of SFIT and snuck into the bar. It wasn't terribly early, but Gogo had still been fiddling with her bike before Honey Lemon had left. She hoped her visit would be quick enough, and if not, that Gogo wouldn't be heading to the bar tonight.

According to Tadashi, people who went to bars usually wore some of their nicer clothes for attraction. Honey Lemon didn't particularly want attraction from anyone, besides maybe from Gogo, but if she was going to go ahead with her visit, she might as well. The pair of heels she had bought the other day should fit her polka-dotted dress well enough. After a moment of hesitation, she slipped on a pastel orange cardigan. Never hurt to be a little covered up, in case it was cold inside.

Her outfit completed, Honey Lemon shrugged on her trusty shoulder bag and made sure her phone and wallet were inside. There were still a few vials with substances within the bag (she could identify each one, of course, but the lack of labels made it a little tricky), but it shouldn't be so much trouble. With that done, she snuck into the bar and, *oh, whoa* .

The place was crowded, bodies pressing against one another, some sort of loud techno music playing overhead. *Is this a bar or a club? Or maybe a fraternity house*, Honey Lemon wondered, shivering at the thought. With some difficulty, she weaved her way through the crowd until she reached the counter.

"Um, hi," she squeaked out. The bartender looked up from wiping the glass he held, looking curious. "I was... uh, that is..."

"New here, ain'tcha?" The bartender spoke. He had a deep and gravelly sort of voice, gruff, but not altogether sounding nasty like what Tadashi had warned her about. Honey Lemon nodded. "You wit' some'un? Wanna order ya self a drink?"

"Oh, uh, no. I'm not... with someone," the blonde replied, twisting the bangles around her wrist repeatedly. A nervous habit had sprung up again; this couldn't be a good thing. "But yes, I'd like a... a drink?"

"Don't answer me question wit' a question, young lady," the bartender replied, pouring some sort of liquid in a glass anyway. He pushed it across the counter to come to a perfect stop in front of Honey Lemon. "'Ere ye go. Ain't so light, ain't so strong fer a new one like ye. That'll be five dollars."

"Thanks!" The blonde nodded, smiling, before taking a sip of the drink. It left a tingly sensation on her tongue, a little fizzy, like Hiro's soda. There was a faint buzz at the back of her head, but she paid it no mind. She gulped the whole thing down before setting the glass back on the counter and sliding the cash along with it. *I hope I won't regret that.* "So, um..."

"Mind if I ask what some'un like youse doin' 'ere?" The bartender asked. Honey Lemon decided to call him Mark, for convenience's sake. Anyway, his nametag did read *M. Ark*, so it was almost the same thing. "I sure ain't ever seen you 'round 'fore."

The blonde hesitated. What to say? "Guess I just wanted to, um, look around here a little."

Mark shook his head. "This place ain't somewhere some'un like you should be in. Best fer you t' git outta 'ere 'fore the boys start comin' 'round."

Before Honey Lemon could question who "the boys" were and why it sounded like they should be capitalized and made into a proper noun, a holler came from somewhere in the crowd. A sigh escaped Mark's lips. Not too long after that, a large, slightly burly, and definitely Tadashi's definition of "nasty" sidled up next to Honey Lemon and shot her a smirk. "Well, hey there, lil' lady."

"... Hi," Honey Lemon responded, too confused to say much of anything else. Tadashi had mentioned to kick the man in the "baloney pony" if he "tried anything" and to get Gogo as soon as possible for extra safety. Unfortunately, Gogo was not here (to her knowledge, anyway), but it wasn't like the man had tried anything yet...

And she was *quite* sure that human men didn't have a body part called "baloney pony", but hey.

Seeing as Honey Lemon had gone a whole thirty seconds without saying anything else, the man's smirk widened and he continued; "You new around here, aren'tcha? Want me to, heh, show you some new stuff?"

"New... stuff?" Was this counted as "trying something"? Great, was it time to locate where men had their baloney ponies or...? "Sorry, I'm, uh, I play for the other team."

The man sat speechless for a second, before he broke out into mocking laughter. "Hah! You one of 'em, eh? Pers'nally, I've nothin' against 'em, but ya sure didn't look the type!"

Oh, thank goodness. She still hadn't quite managed to find out where his baloney pony should have been. "That's... um, that's great!" She forced a smile. "I really don't see why some people hate us, though, it's just--"

"But really," the man continued, seemingly not having heard anything the blonde had said despite their closer-than-normal proximity between each other. "That lady the other day, just started comin'

over here, the one with the jacket and funky hair? Fuckin' hell, man, she knocked my fuckin' teeth out when I called her a dyke--"

Honey Lemon paused.

"--swear to God, she was just kickin' my ass all over the place, but hey, I brought her down all great when the rest of the boys came over to help." He hooted. "Hah! Fucking bitch, I swear, she deserved that lil' beating we gave her--"

A few seconds later, the large man was doubling over in pain and screaming expletives. Honey Lemon stared down at him, the tip of her heel digging down his baloney pony. *I can't believe I didn't see it before! Time to use this knowledge as necessary. Which means:*

"Bitch!" The man ground out through gritted teeth and in between howls of pain. Vaguely, Honey Lemon's ears picked up on Mark the bartender's snicker, and a few other masculine sympathizing grunts of pain. The blonde let out a soft breath.

"You deserve this one, too," Honey Lemon exclaimed, sounding rather proud of herself. Just as she was about to gloat maybe *just* a little more and proclaim that Gogo was the best girlfriend ever and he was a crispy nipple, the man yelled out something incomprehensible. It could have been simply a war cry, or it could have been "I am very hurt and require immediate help beating this bitch up"; what mattered was that Honey Lemon was now surrounded by perhaps a dozen of similar-sized men, with flexing muscles and rippling tattoos.

"Uh," Honey Lemon managed to say. Two of the men cracked their knuckles and smirked at nearly the same time. "This... This looks bad..."

"Asian egg," Mark suddenly yelled from behind the counter, surprising only the blonde. Did Mark say weird stuff at inappropriate times all day or something? "Your girlfriend's in trouble."

All of a sudden, she was flung off her feet and sent flying over the counter, landing in a heap with her back against a wine rack. Her head was spinning and her back was, of course, aching horribly, but she managed to blink open her eyes. Mark was standing a few ways away, wiping a glass nonchalantly, as if people flew over his counter everyday. Which was starting to sound very likely, especially if "the boys" were regulars in the bar.

There was a rustling noise, which Honey Lemon assumed was the first man getting up. There were a few grunts and growls exchanged amongst the group, before they turned around to face the dazed blonde. "Now, I normally wouldn't hit pretty girls like her," the first man said, sneering. That couldn't be good. "But this time, I'll make an exception. This little bitch is just like that Asian dyke from last time, so it shouldn't be a problem, eh, boys?" With that, there was a simultaneous guffaw, and then the sound of resounding footsteps on floorboards. Honey Lemon bit her lower lip and managed to stagger onto her shaky legs. *This would be way easier with my super-suit, but I should be able to use those chemicals left in my bag... shouldn't be too lethal...*

Her determination wasn't doing her body any good, however; she'd clearly been hit quite hard. A light concussion, maybe...

Something slammed into her gut. Honey Lemon wheezed, before whirling around and delivering a spinning kick to Man #2's midsection balancing on one foot. While wearing heels. *Wow, I am feeling... absolutely great and not great at the same time!*

Someone snorted, and there was a *thump* sound. Before Honey Lemon could even begin to identify where the sound had come from, something *whoosh* ed from atop. Disoriented, the blonde glanced up just in time to see the wine bottle rushing downwards to her in speed she couldn't hope to match--

A hand caught it. There was a growl, but it was *feminine* . "The *hell* do you think you chicken fried fucks are doing to Honey?"

After that, there was a whirl of movement and energy; Gogo was moving all over the place, landing sharp uppercuts and harsh jabs at the men... or boys. Honestly, Honey Lemon wasn't sure what to refer to them as. Just that they were Tadashi's definition of nasty, and Gogo was very cool and strong and beautiful and Honey Lemon kind of really wanted to pin her girlfriend against a bed. Or a wall. She wasn't horribly picky right now.

By the time her head had stopped feeling fuzzy and started actually hurting, someone had knelt down before her and was resting Honey Lemon's head on their shoulder. "Honey? Hey, are you alright? Well, of course not, but..."

"Gogo?" the blonde murmured, deciding that this entire visit had been a not-so-successful trip. "Hey, *mi amor*, you look really nice tonight..."

There was a slight pause, before a long sigh. "*Honey... why are you here?*" Honey Lemon winced - someone was lifting her up onto their back, presumably Gogo. Once the blonde felt the familiar mop of fluffy hair under her hands, she concluded that *yes, this is Gogo*. "This isn't a place for you, you know that."

"I beat 'im up," Honey Lemon managed to say. "He called you a *dyke*. He's a *crispy nipple*. *Te amo*." Is that the fuzziness returning to her head, or was she simply going delirious from the pain?

"Love you too," Gogo muttered, shifting her arms around the blonde comfortably. She yelled at someone behind her - something about not calling her a fucking Asian egg again, Honey Lemon couldn't quite hear her clearly. There was a creaking sound, like a door opening, and then sudden silence, a stark contrast from the booming noise within the bar. "Your apartment or mine?"

"I wanna kiss you," Honey Lemon replied. The biker restrained a stupid little smile and made her way to the Lucky Cat Cafe. Hopefully, Tadashi was still awake (enough) to help around with Baymax.

